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FIGHTIN' MARINES

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FIGHTIN' MARINES

NO.103 APR. CDC

ONLY 20¢

THEY TOLD SHOTGUN HARKER AND CHICKEN SMITH THIS WOULD BE A ROUTINE PATROL IN VIET CONG TERRITORY... BUT IT TURNED INTO ANOTHER DEADLY

"CHARLEY TRAP"

WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU... YOU CRUMMY...!!

KAK KAK

POK

MARINES

WE'RE GOING DOWN! CO-ORDINATES 075... 455...

THIS MARINE BOOT WAS ORDERED TO RETREAT...BUT HE HAD HIS OWN IDEAS ABOUT FIGHTING THE WAR IN KOREA! IT'S ALL HERE IN...

WHAMM!

BRRRT

BRRRT

00066

"Listen ta Me, Boot!"

THIS WAS APRIL 7TH, 1944, AND THE JAPANESE PILOT FLYING THE HEAVILY LOADED SINGLE ENGINE PLANE WAS FLYING STRAIGHT FOR THE U.S. NAVY HOSPITAL SHIP JAMMED WITH MARINES AND G.I.'S WHO'D BEEN WOUNDED IN THE **TERRIBLE** BATTLE OF **OKINAWA!** CLOSING IN ON THE DIVING JAP, MARINE LT. MIKE LANGLEY OPENED FIRE AT LONG RANGE, SAW HIS TRACERS **RIP** INTO THE JAP'S WING... THEN LANGLEY'S F4U'S FIRING CIRCUIT STOPPED WORKING!

KAMIKAZE HEADED **YOUR WAY,** TEAKETTLE! MY GUN'S JAMMED... I'LL DO WHAT I CAN BUT BE READY FOR A **BAD HIT!**

THE LAST DAYS

J.K.

ALL HANDS PREPARE FOR **KAMIKAZE ATTACK** ON **PORT SIDE!** PROTECT THE PATIENTS, PREPARE TO EVACUATE EVERYONE!

IF THE HOSPITAL SHIP GETS HIT...

661

D-2650

FIGHTIN' MARINES

nomscans

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I'M ALMOST ON **TOP** OF HIM... I GUESS I'VE GOT NO CHOICE...

THE HEAVY VOUGHT CORSAIR'S BIG PROP CHEWED INTO THE JAP... LT. LANGLEY KICKED RIGHT RUDDER SHOVING THE JAP OUT OF CONTROL AND...

THE MARINE PILOT RAMMED THE JAP... MADE HIM **MISS US!**

THE JAP CRASHED... AND MIKE LANGLEY KNEW HE HAD A FEW SECONDS OF LIFE REMAINING UNLESS... HE HAULED BACK ON THE STICK, POINTING THE NOSE STRAIGHT UP...

THE CHUTE OPENED ONLY FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE WATER...

NEARBY, A DESTROYER ESCORT HAD WITNESSED THE COLLISION OF THE JAP AND THE MARINE FIGHTER... AND A SIGNALMAN DOVE AT THE SAME INSTANT LT. LANGLEY'S CHUTE OPENED...

THERE GOES WINTERS... HE'S GOOD IN THE WATER...

HARD LEFT RUDDER!

GOT TO *HURRY*... HE WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

IN THE SECONDS OF LIFE LEFT TO MIKE LANGLEY, SIGNALMAN 1C NEAL WINTERS FREED HIM AND...

WE'RE BOTH OKAY... THE PILOT'S GOT A LIFEBELT ON... HE INFLATED IT WHEN HE HIT THE WATER!

WE SAW IT HAPPEN, LIEUTENANT! IT WAS PRETTY SPECTACULAR, EVEN FOR A MARINE!

I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO DO IT IF MY GUNS DIDN'T QUIT ON ME, CAPTAIN!

LT. LANGLEY REMAINED ABOARD THE D.E. FOR FOUR DAYS... THEN, AS THE SMALLER SHIP CAME ALONGSIDE THE FLEET CARRIER FOR FUEL AND SUPPLIES, THE MARINE REJOINED HIS FIGHTER GROUP!

GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK, MIKE! YOU DID A GREAT JOB SAVING THE HOSPITAL SHIP... YOU'RE IN FOR ANOTHER MEDAL!

I'LL SWAP THE HERO HARDWARE FOR ANOTHER FIGHTER PLANE, BOSS!

THE OKINAWA CAMPAIGN WAS TOUGH... THE JAPS THREW EVERY FIGHTER THEY HAD AT THE CARRIER-BASED MARINE AND NAVY PILOTS!

CHALK UP NUMBER SIX FOR OLD EAGLE EYE!

THEN, THE FAST CARRIER FORCE SWUNG NORTHWARD TOWARD THE HOME ISLANDS OF JAPAN...

WE'RE HEADING FOR TOKYO, BOYS! THIS IS GOING TO BE ***TOUGH!***

CONTINUED, AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

THE B29'S WERE SMASHING TOKYO IN NIGHT RAIDS... WHEN THE CARRIER PLANES CAME OVER JUST AFTER SUN-UP, THE FIRES STILL RAGED!

HEY, PHANTOM LEADER... THIS IS PHANTOM THREE GETTING ANOTHER **NOTCH** ON THE **GUN BUTT!**

LANGLEY GOTTA BUY THE **DRINKS** TONIGHT... THIS IS HIS SEVENTH... HE'S HIGH MAN IN THE GROUP!

I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF PRE-WAR TOKYO... IT'LL TAKE **YEARS** TO REBUILD IT!

*FORGETTING TO ZIGZAG SO THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS COULDN'T ZERO IN, LT. MIKE LANGLEY TOOK ONE TOO MANY **BOWS** AND...*

WHAM

I THOUGHT **THIS** MOVIE WAS GOING TO HAVE **A HAPPY ENDING!**

OH OH... HERE'S WHERE THE SMILING JAP ***MERCILESSLY*** CUTS UP HIS VICTIM WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE!

WHEW! I THOUGHT FOR SURE HE'D GIVE ME A LONG BURST!

HE HIT THE WATER IN TOKYO BAY... AS TWO OF HIS MARINE BUDDIES FLEW OVERHEAD TO CLEAR THE AREA OF UNFRIENDLY PEOPLE!

NOTHING THEY CAN DO... LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE WAR FOR ME!

RIGHT NOW I WISH A COUPLE UNFRIENDLY JAPS WOULD COME ALONG AND TAKE ME PRISONER!

BUT TOKYO BAY WASN'T AS EMPTY AS IT SEEMED... A PERISCOPE ROSE MAGICALLY FROM THE CALM WATER...

SUBMARINE? A JAP SUB WOULDN'T BE SUBMERGED IN HERE... IT'S ***GOT*** TO BE ONE OF OURS!

ABOARD THE SUB, U.S.S. WINKLE, THE SKIPPER TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT THE PILOT IN THE WATER...

IF WE SURFACE AND GET SPOTTED, HALF THE JAP NAVY WILL BE AFTER US!

WE'RE IN RADIO CONTACT WITH THE FLEET CARRIER PLANES, CAPTAIN! WHY NOT REQUEST A LITTLE DIVERSIONARY STRAFING!

ONE OF YOU BIRDS LOST HIS WINGS AND HE'S DOWN HERE 200 YARDS NNW CHECK POINT CHARLIE! HOW ABOUT JETTISONING YOUR BOMB LOADS IN RECTANGULAR LINES IN THIS AREA?

THAT MUST BE LANGLEY DOWN THERE! **LET'S GO**, BOYS!

THE SURFACED SUBMARINE COULDN'T BE SEEN BY JAPS... A CURTAIN OF SPRAY RAISED SKYWARD ON FOUR SIDES, CONCEALING U.S.S. WINKLE AS LANGLEY WAS PLUCKED FROM THE WATERS OF TOKYO BAY!

TAKE THAT MARINE BELOW... WE'RE GOING BACK ON THE ***BOTTOM!***

WELCOME ABOARD, FLYBOY!

SO THAT WAS HOW LT. LANGLEY ENDED THE WAR... ABOARD U.S.S. WINKLE AS SHE COMPLETED HER LAST PATROL BEFORE RETURNING 5,000 MILES TO PEARL HARBOR!

End

SHOTGUN HARKER in THE CHARLEY TRAP!

ON WHAT WAS TO BE A ROUTINE HOP INTO 'LIGHTLY HELD' ENEMY TERRITORY, G2 (INTELLIGENCE) ONCE AGAIN CAME OUT LOOKING LIKE A LOSING WEATHERMAN ON A BATTERY POWERED RADIO STATION... THEY PREDICT SUNNY AND CLEAR AND YOU GET **THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!** SGT. SHOTGUN HARKER HAD BEEN THAT ROUTE BEFORE... EVEN CHICKEN SMITH WASN'T NUMB TO POOR INTELLIGENCE... **BUT THIS WAS RIDICULOUS!**

SPUT SPUT KAK KAK KAK POK POK POK

YOU CRUMMY SLOPE-HEADS! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS! BY GODFREY DANIEL... I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

MARINES

WE'RE GOING DOWN! CO-ORDINATES 075... 455...

GOOD BYE, MOM... GOOD BYE, DAD... GOOD BYE, SIS... GOOD BYE, OLD DOG TRAY...

D-2061

J.K.

KABLOOOM

AGAIN THE WHITE HOT STEEL OF THE NORTH FOUND ITS MARK AND ITS VICTIM...

... BUT HARKER HAD NOT YET FOUND HIS AND UNTIL HE DOES...

NO CREEPY SLOPE IS GONNA GET ***THIS*** NUMBER ONE SON FOR TEN CENTS WORTH OF POWDER AND A STEEL JACKETED SLEEPING PILL!

GET UP CHICKEN! YOU MAY BE DEAD BUT BY CRACKERS YOU AIN'T ***BURIED*** YET... **SO** ***GET UP!***

NO! THIS ISN'T ***HEAVEN!*** I'VE GONE ***THE OTHER WAY!*** IT'S GOT TO BE... ***OR ELSE*** ***WHY ARE YOU HERE?***

OH, CORK UP CHICKEN... ***NONE*** OF US IS ***DEAD***... BUT WE ***WILL*** BE IF YOU GO ON WITH YOUR EVER LOVIN' WAILIN'... KEEP DOWN...

I DON'T WANT TO KEEP DOWN... I WANT TO ***GET OUT!***

FOR THE NEXT 12 HOURS SGT. HARKER AND HIS SHIVERING COMPANION ELUDED VC PATROLS...

SOON AS IT'S DARK WE BUG OUT OF HERE...

WHAT ABOUT THE PILOTS? THEY'RE *HURT!*

YOU IDIOT! UNCLE SAM NEEDS MEN, ALL RIGHT... WORSE THAN HE KNOWS... DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF ONE OF THESE, CHICKEN?

A RESCUE RADIO? SURE... BUT... OH, I GET IT!

CALLING ON THE EMERGENCY FREQUENCY RESERVED FOR DOWNED FLIERS, HARKER. SOON DIRECTS A RESCUE COPTER TO THEIR POSITION...

I CAN SEE YOU, RESCUE... BUT SNAP IT UP... THEM SLOPES CAN SEE YOU, TOO...

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, GRUNT... THIS ISN'T A TAXI...

TELL THE PILOT OF THIS FLYIN' COFFEE GRINDER HE DOES NICE WORK... REAL NICE WORK...

AND I DO NICE WORK, TOO, YOU CREEPS! I'M COMIN' BACK FOR WHAT YOU DID TO ME AND MY BUDDY THIS AFTERNOON... *WE'RE BOTH COMIN' BACK!*

OOOO! THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF...

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

LATER...

ABSOLUTELY NOT! I'M NOT GIVING YOU A TANK SO YOU CAN GO ON SOME INSANE KIND OF PERSONAL VENDETTA!

B..BUT SIR! THEM VC SHOT ME DOWN! I CAN'T LET 'EM GET AWAY WITH THAT!

YEAH! LET 'EM GET AWAY WITH IT... JUST THIS ONCE!

O.K., I DON'T HAVE OFFICIAL PERMISSION... NOW HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO, CHICKEN...

NO, SHOTGUN... NO! WHAT'S THE USE? WHAT'S THE PLAN?

SHOTGUN HARKER IS A MAN OF HIS WORD... IF HE SAID HE HAD A PLAN... HE HAD A PLAN!

TOLEDO! LEMME TALK TO YA FOR A SECOND!

SURE, SHOTGUN... LEMME SHUT THIS THING DOWN...

NO... GO BACK... GO AWAY... OOOO!

WHAT'S WITH YER BUDDY?

HE'S ONE A THEM MARIGOLD MARINES... THEY LOOK NICE ALL BUNCHED TOGETHER BUT THEY AIN'T MUCH ONE AT A TIME...

YOU WANT ME TA LEAVE MY CAT HERE FOR TONIGHT?

YEAH, I JUST THOUGHT MAYBE I'D SORTA GET THE HANG OF IT... YOU KNOW, IN CASE I EVER DECIDE TO JOIN THE ENGINEERS...

LATER THAT NIGHT...

BUT SHOTGUN... THIS IS **STEALING!**

DIDN'T NOBODY TELL YA **THIS IS WAR?**

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

I'M DOIN' IT, AIN'T I?

WE'RE GONNA BUILD US A **ROAD**, CHICKEN... A SPECIAL ROAD FOR THEM BUMS THAT SHOT US DOWN THIS MORNIN'!

(GULP) WE'RE GOIN' **OUT THERE?**

THAT'S RIGHT, CHICKEN... **OUT THERE!**

(GULP!)

THE NEXT MORNING....

I DO NOT KNOW, SIR... WE HEARD NOTHING... THEN WE FIND THIS!

THIS MACHINE MUST BE VERY VALUABLE TO THE AMERICANS... THEY HAVE BUILT A ROAD SO THEY CAN COME WITH THEIR TRUCKS TO GET IT...

WE WILL BE **READY** FOR THEM...

THEY HAVE MADE A ROADWAY... THEY CONSIDER THIS MACHINE SO IMPORTANT THEY WILL NOT RISK LIFTING AS THEY DO THE OTHERS WITH THEIR GIANT FLYING CRANES...

I WILL ORGANIZE MY TROOPS... WE WILL BE READY FOR THEM...

I HAVE CALLED AN EXTRA COMPANY... SURELY A MACHINE AS VALUABLE AS THIS WILL NEED ***HUNDREDS*** OF AMERICANS TO ASSURE ITS PROTECTION...

SOON THE JUNGLE IS FILLED WITH VC, READY TO AMBUSH THE EXPECTED RESCUE CONVOY...

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT MAKES THIS MACHINE SO IMPORTANT... BUT WHO UNDERSTANDS THE AMERICANS? THEY ARE... ***INSCRUTABLE!***

MARINE

COMRADE COLONEL... ***SOMETHING COMES!***

IN DEATHLIKE SILENCE THE AMBUSHERS WAIT...

AND WAIT...

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND... I MYSELF CAN HEAR A MOTOR...

SSHHH! THEY ARE HERE AT LAST...

RRRRRRRR

HELICOPTER RECOVERY CONTAINER PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

SHALL I GIVE THE ORDER?

NO, YOU FOOL... THERE WILL BE OTHERS... LOOK!

US ARMED SERVICE BOOK

THE WORDS PAINTED ON THE BOX, "HE-COPTER RECOVERY CONTAINER"... THEY MEAN THE BOX IS FOR THE FALLEN MACHINE! BUT IT IS ONLY **PART ONE**... THEY WILL NEED THE **SECOND PART!**

THAT'S ONLY THE **FIRST PART**, CORPORAL! WE'LL HAVE TO **GO BACK** FOR THE REST!

O.K., SERGEANT! BUT WE BETTER HURRY! WE DON'T WANT THE ENEMY TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS NEW, **SECRET WEAPON!**

I WILL TRANSLATE WHAT THEY HAVE SAID... IT IS A NEW, **SECRET WEAPON!** BUT THERE IS ANOTHER PART JUST AS I SAID... WE WILL WAIT FOR IT... WE WILL BE **HEROES!**

WILL THE AMERICANS BE **SURPRISED** TO FIND OUT WE ARE HERE... WHEN THEY BRING THE **SECOND** PART OF THE SECRET WEAPON WE WILL **SPRING OUR SURPRISE!**

HELICOPTE

WHILE A FEW MILES AWAY...

HARKER! THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR! I HEARD YOU BOOTLEGGED THAT CAT... NOW ORDNANCE TELLS ME A **10 TON BOMB IS MISSING!** DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

WHAT TIME IS IT, CHICKEN?

THE TIME, SHOTGUN... **THE** TIME!

ER, SORRY, CAPTAIN, BUT THE, ER, BOMB IS, ER, **GONE!**

HARKER! THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE ... OOOO! WHAT'S THE USE?

KABLOOOOM

END

SAM SPOLO in LOST FACE

My name is Sam Spolo and officially I do not exist. My task is a definite one. To help our government and those of the friendly nations to fight the spy system of the enemy powers. And also any agency of the United States may call upon me for help. When needed, I have unlimited powers and all the money we must have for a given operation. My assistant at the present time is Ben Manners.

It was a beautiful July day and the two of us decided to go and visit a friend in the country who had just purchased a lake-side vacation home.

"Be nice to forget all our worries for a weekend," suggested Ben Manners. "Understand they have some big bass in the lake up there."

My private phone rang three times. I hesitated about answering. Then duty won over fishing. Jim Hatfield was on the other end

"There's a car on its way to pick you up," he told me. "We got a number one headache on our hands."

The car arrived in record time and soon we were on our way to the beach area. Jim Hatfield filled me in on details.

"Dr. Liu Pao is now premier of his country. He is here on a state visit. He studied medicine in this country as a young man. And during his vacation periods he worked at the Pelham Bay Golf Driving Range. Well, that's where he will be in an hour. Just wants to remember the old days. Hit a bucket full of golf balls. We got maximum security protection for him."

"Then what do you need us for?" I wanted to know. "You ruined a day of pleasant contemplations concerning fishing."

"Never mind the fish," snapped back Jim Hatfield with a bit of irritation in his voice. "Dr. Liu Pao received a warning. That between 2 and 3 this afternoon on the golf course he will be killed. His old enemy, Mao Chen, wrote it to him. To punish him for being friendly with the western powers. Also Mao Chen has notified the newspapers. Dr. Liu Pao insists on going ahead to the range. Said he would lose face if he remained away. Better to die than be branded a coward later by his own people. Go figure that one out."

"Well, how do I fit into this picture?" I demanded. "What am I suppose to do?"

"Figure out how the killer plans to accomplish his task," was the order. "You're in charge from now on."

At the golf driving range I met Sonny Levine who was in charge of it. A very nice man who seemed rather worried. He had been informed of the threat. He was the only person connected with the range present. All his other help had been told to remain home. Security men had taken their place. A map of the surrounding area was on his desk.

"We will have six low flying helicopters patroling the area above," Jim Hatfield told me. "But now I am still scared. I have a feeling the killer will get through somehow. You figure it out ahead of him."

No photographers, press men or TV men were allowed on the field. They were furious

"Remain here outside," I told him. "You may get the story of the year."

"Dr. Liu Pao went to one of the driving mats He brought with him his favorite stick and iron. There was a bucket of balls all ready for him. He was about to take a ball and put it on a tee when my mind got the messag

"It is not fitting that you use old golf balls," I told him. "We will get new ones for you."

Sonny Levine had several boxes of new golf balls in his private locker. He alone had the key to it. We filled another basket with them and I brought them back with me to Dr. Liu Pao. He hit out about 100 golf balls. Everything was fine. He went back to his car. Then I went into action.

"Get a helicopter to land on the field," I told Jim Hatfield. "I'm going up and will drop those golf balls onto the field. Clear the area."

He followed my orders. Up I went and I dropped the golf balls. My mind was correct! The 27th. golf ball was the explosive one. So the photo boys and the rest had their field day. Dr. Liu Pao looked at me in astonishment. All he said was a big Thank You. Two days later Mao Chen gave himself up. During the night he had crept into the field, saw the bucket and dropped the deadly golf ball into it. He couldn't go back to his group. He had lost face.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signature of editor, Sol Cohen)

LISTEN TO ME, BOOT

DON'T BACK OFF... WE'LL BEAT 'EM BACK!

WANTA GIT ZAPPED, DUMMY? GET BACK IN YER FOXHOLE!

KOREA, 1951, AND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS WERE HITTING THE MARINES HARD...NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THEIR 'HUMAN WAVE' ATTACKS WASHED UP THE SLOPE OF DEAD MAN'S HILL... AND LT. MIKE KRINSKY'S 3RD PLATOON TURNED THEM BACK!
THE REDS DIED BY THE HUNDREDS...BUT THE MARINES HOLDING THE HILL TOOK A LOT OF CASUALTIES, TOO!
REPLACING ONE OF THESE WAS A MARINE BOOT, PFC. WALT TURNER...SCARED BUT DETERMINED TO BE A GOOD MARINE!

D-2372

I HAD TO SAVE SGT. ROMANO!

IT'S EVERYBODY FOR HIMSELF UP HERE, BOOT! YA DON'T DRAW EXTRA PAY FER BEIN' A HERO!

BAMBAM

BLAM

BLAM

IN MARINE BOOT CAMP, THEY TAUGHT US TO ALWAYS COVER FOR YOUR BUDDY!

THIS AIN'T BOOT CAMP, TURNER... THIS IS FER REAL...

...AN' IF YA DO SOMETHIN' WRONG, YA DON'T GET K.P. OR EXTRA DUTY... *YA GET DEAD!*

LT. MIKE KRINSKY MADE HIS ROUND AT DAWN... ENCOURAGING HIS TIRED, BATTLE-WEARY MARINES...CHECKING ON AMMO, MORALE, AND ENCOURAGING THE REPLACEMENTS!

I TALKED TO JOE ROMANO, TURNER... HE TOLD ME YOU SAVED HIS HIDE! THANKS...THE CORPS CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MEN LIKE HIM...AND JOE'S A FRIEND OF MINE!

THANK YOU, SIR!

YOU OKAY, DOLMAN?

NOTHIN'S WRONG WITH ME THAT A TICKET HOME WON'T CURE, SKIPPER!

CRUMMY SLOP! SKIPPER SEZ THE CHOW WAGON DIDN'T MAKE IT BECAUSE THE CHICOMS MINED THE ROAD! I THINK THEM REAR ECHELON HEROES ARE SELLIN' OUR SUPPLIES BACK IN SEOUL!

THIS ISN'T BAD, CORPORAL! IT'S BETTER THAN NOT EATING AT ALL!

CPL. DOLMAN KEPT BENDING THE BOOT'S EAR...WITH HIS SNEERING CRITICISM OF THE TOP BRASS, HIS GRIPES ABOUT THE CHOW, THE WEATHER, AND EVEN THE WEAPONS THEY WERE GIVEN...

OUR TANKS ARE OLD WW II JOBS... SHERMANS AN' GRANTS...THE RUSSIAN-BUILT T34S ARE TWICE AS GOOD!

I HEARD A MARINE PILOT SPOTTED A WHOLE CHICOM ARMORED DIVISION JUST NORTH OF US!

IF THEM T34S HIT UP, BOOT, DON'T HANG AROUND LOOKIN' AT THE SCENERY...JUST *BUG OUT* OR YOU'LL BE JUST ANOTHER CASUALTY IN THE MORNIN' REPORT!

TWO DAYS LATER...PFC. TURNER WAS TIRED OF LISTENING TO DOLMAN BUT THEY WERE STILL DUG IN ON DEAD MAN'S HILL...AND HE COULDN'T JUST FIND OR DIG ANOTHER FOXHOLE! HE HAD TO STAY RIGHT WHERE HE WAS...

KRINSKY GAVE SGT. POPOWSKY AND CPL. ATKINS A PASS FOR R AN' R IN JAPAN! HE ALWAYS PLAYS FAVORITES!

POPOWSKY WAS OVERDUE FOR REST AND RECREATION FROM WHAT I HEAR, AND ATKINS' BROTHER LOST A LEG, HE'S IN THE ARMY HOSPITAL OUTSIDE TOKYO! THE DOCTORS WANT ATKINS TO VISIT HIM!

IF YA WANT ANYTHING IN THIS OUTFIT, JUST BE A NICE BOY WHEN THE SKIPPER COMES AROUND!

THE CHICOMS HIT THE THIRD DAY PFC TURNER WAS IN THE C.Z. THEY OPENED THE FESTIVITIES WITH A HEAVY BARRAGE!

GIT DOWN, BOOT!

WATCH IT, DOLMAN!

BLAM

THEN, THEY BOTH SAW THE MASSIVE BULK OF THE RUSSIAN-BUILT TANK... LOOMING OVER THEM...CANNON SHATTERING THEIR EARS AND THE MACHINE GUNS SPITTING DEATH!

IT'LL WIPE OUT THE WHOLE PLATOON!

WHAMM!

BRRRT

BRRRT

C'MON, BOOT, IT'S BUG-OUT TIME!

THEY'D PICK ME UP WITH A BLOTTER IF THAT GETS ME!

VROOOMMM

CLANK

DESPITE DOLMAN'S 'CONSTANT 'WATCH OUT FOR YOURSELF!' CHATTER, TURNER, THE BOOT MARINE, LEAPED UP ON THE CHICOM TANK AND...

NOW...

BARR

BOOOOMMMMM

YOU REALLY ZAPPED THEM, BOOT! I'LL TELL THE SKIPPER YUH DONE PRETTY GOOD!

MAYBE YOU BETTER NOT, SARGE, OKAY?

I DON'T THINK I C'N STAND BEIN' AROUND A BIG HERO, TURNER! YA SAVED MY LIFE, YA FIGURE, THEN YA DINGED OUT THE COMMIE TANK! HOW ABOUT YER AUTOGRAPH?

DOLMAN'S RIGHT! I REALLY WENT APE...

FROM NOW ON, I'LL PLAY IT COOL! LIKE DOLMAN SAID, IT'S BETTER TO BE A *LIVE COWARD*...

WORD RAN AROUND THE THIRD PLATOON...PFC. TURNER HAD GOTTEN A TANK...AND SAVED DOLMAN'S LIFE ...HE WAS OKAY!

WE HADDA DROP TURNER IN NEXT TUH DOLMAN, SKIPPER, I KNOW ...BUT DOLMAN'S *BAD NEWS* THESE DAYS!

I KNOW, JIM...I'VE BEEN HOPING HE'D SNAP OUT OF IT!

HE WAS A GOOD MARINE BEFORE THAT LAST R AND R IN TOKYO...HE GOT BUSTED FROM SQUAD LEADER AND NOW HE'S SOUR ON THE CORPS!

JIM, TAKE A PATROL TONIGHT ...GO DOWN THE LEFT FLANK, CROSS THE BOG, AND CHECK OUT THE COMMIES! IF THEY'VE GOT *MORE ARMOR* I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT!

OKAY, SKIPPER! I KNOW TWO GUYS I'LL TAKE...

...DOLMAN'S GONNA EARN HIS PAY ONE TIME AN' I'M TAKIN' TURNER ALONG! I'LL REPORT BACK ABOUT MIDNIGHT, SKIPPER!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

I DIDN'T VOLUNTEER FOR NO PATROL, SERGEANT!

I DIDN'T ASK YA TO, PUNK! I'M *ORDERIN'* YOU AND TURNER ON THIS PATROL! I DON'T HEAR *HIM* BELLY-ACHIN' ABOUT IT!

IT WAS A FIVE MAN PATROL... T/SGT. JIM ROOT GOT THEM FED AT A CHOW WAGON, THEN WHEN IT WAS FULL DARK, LED THEM INTO CHICOM TERRITORY!

KEEP LOW AND DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE, BOOT! DZUMEK IS ON LEAD WITH DOLMAN BACKIN' HIM UP!

I C'N *SMELL* COMMIES, SARGE! YOU'RE GONNA LOSE THE WHOLE PATROL!

WATCH IT... *A GRENADE!*

CRACK!

HIT THE GRIT!

WE'RE CUT OFF... TAKE COVER!

TURNER, I KNOW YUH C'N HIT...HOW'S YOUR THROWIN' ARM?

RATAT

TATATAT

NICE PITCHIN', BOOT! FALL BACK...WE GOTTA FIGHT OUR WAY OUTA HERE!

TURNER EMPTIED A CLIP, DROPPING CLOSE-PACKED COMMIES WITH EACH ROUND, THEN HE HAD TO RELOAD... BUT THE MARINE AT HIS SIDE SQUEEZED OFF A FULL CLIP, GIVING HIM THE TIME HE NEEDED.

BAM BLAM

THANKS, AL... RELOAD AND DROP BACK...I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!

AND NEXT MORNING...CPL. DOLMAN GRINNED AT TURNER...

I'M SURE GLAD YA DIDN'T LISTEN TO ALL THAT JAZZ I SPOUTED, BOOT! YOU'RE A GOOD MARINE ...WE NEED GUYS LIKE YOU IN THE OUTFIT!

YOU DID PRETTY GOOD ONCE YOU GOT STARTED, BUDDY! I'LL GO ON PATROL WITH YOU ANY TIME!

END